

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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10	8,620	26	8,620
11	8,620	27	8,620
12	8,620	28	8,620
13	8,620	29	8,620
14	8,620	30	8,620
15	8,620	31	8,620
16	8,620	Total	255,690
17	8,620	Average daily	8,264
18	8,620	Average Sunday	16,989

AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

Salt Lake—"Cupid at Vassar."
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Grand—"Captain Herne, U. S. A."
Lyric—"Quincy Adams Sawyer."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

NEWSPAPER TRUST PROPOSED.

Frank A. Munsey, owner and publisher of a number of magazines and newspapers, recently issued a statement of the benefits to be derived from combinations in the daily newspaper field. Mr. Munsey's idea is to form a combination of a hundred, or a thousand, important daily newspapers in the various cities and towns of the country. They would be controlled and managed from a central office, both as to business and editorial policies.

Every newspaper in the combination would be a model of typographical excellence, and it is certain that a great saving in operating expenses would be effected. But the plan is not feasible because the public would have no confidence in such an aggregation of newspapers. They would necessarily be controlled by men of large and varied financial interests. The newspapers would not be allowed to touch upon this or that subject of interest to the public welfare because criticism might hurt some of the management's pet plans.

And yet the matter in the newspapers would be of the very best class. The writers would be men of world-wide fame, the artists would be men who had won the highest reputations. But the scheme would fall to the ground because a manager living in Chicago could not in the nature of things understand conditions in Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Portland, Omaha, Kansas City and all the other cities in which the newspapers of the chain might be located.

A thorough knowledge of local conditions is essential to the successful operation of a newspaper property. Decisions must be made on important matters without the loss of a moment's time. Policies must be inaugurated on a minute's notice. It would obviously be impossible to lay these matters before the general management because there wouldn't be time. From the standpoint of the business office, Mr. Munsey's scheme is a beautiful one, but the tribulations of the news-gathering and editorial departments of the papers would never end.

INVADING THE CLUBS.

The club men of Pittsburgh are heatedly indignant over the action of Mayor Guthrie in ordering the bars of the clubs closed at midnight, the saloons of the city being required to close at the same hour. The situation is thus described in a dispatch from Pittsburgh: "At the Duquesne club, the resort of the richest of the Pittsburgh rich, the doors were closed at the limit time, and no person, except the members having rooms in the club, were admitted after that hour. The sideboard was declared closed at the same time, and the members could not secure a drink for love or money. "At the University club even more stringent measures were adopted. When 12 o'clock came, not only were the members refused admittance, but those who were in the club were chased out. At the Pittsburg club, the American club, the Union club and the other social organizations no members were admitted, and officers declare that they will obey the order of the mayor. "The club members are complaining loudly over the situation. They declare that the city authorities have no

right to control them, which is a view generally taken by club members in all cities. But in Pittsburgh the club men have not attempted to make a test case. They have not defied the authorities so far, but it is reasonably certain that a test will be made in the near future.

The outcome will be awaited with a great deal of interest. It is a well known fact that when all the saloons are tightly closed the bars maintained in the clubs are wide open. Any member can drink what he pleases or as much as he pleases and there is no interference from the police. Some clubs have rules which prohibit members from treating non-members on Sunday, but this is about the only limitation.

It is argued that the club is the home of its members, and it is actually the home of numbers of them. The club people say that the police authorities have no more right to invade the sanctity of a chartered club than they have to invade a private home; that the closing of a club bar or the allowing of it to remain open is entirely optional with the club. A decision from a court on this point would make very interesting reading.

DEATH FOR LIFE TERMERS.

The California statute which permits the infliction of the death penalty on life term convicts who commit assaults on guards or other prisoners has just been upheld by the supreme court of the state. The defendant, James W. Finley, who is serving a life sentence for murder, assaulted a fellow prisoner. The jury, under the statute, condemned him to death. His attorneys contended that the law was unconstitutional in that it was special legislation against a certain class. Its opinion the supreme court says:

"As to the genesis and origin of this comparatively new section of our penal code, it has long been a part of judicial knowledge, of legislative knowledge, and of general knowledge that convicts in penal institutions are a most reckless and dangerous class. The conditions of their sentences destroy their hopes, and with the destruction of hope all bonds of restraint are broken, and then follows recklessness, leading to brutal crimes not only against their fellow prisoners but even against their guards and custodians. The series of savage and bloody escapes and attempts to escape from the state's prisons, which were usually organized and headed by life-termers, form a part of the history of the state. Indeed it is well known that prison officials have deemed it wise to clothe life-termers in a characteristic garb, such as a red shirt, to more readily watch them and to more readily pick them out in case of an eunite."

At the last session of the Utah legislature an effort was made to incorporate a similar statute in the written laws of the state. The bill passed the senate, but its recollection is correct, but was killed in the house. The state prison authorities urged its enactment, taking much the same ground that is covered by the California supreme court. The life-termers are nearly always the most dangerous of prisoners.

Rarely does he hesitate about satisfying grudges against fellow prisoners or against guards when enemies have arisen. The punishment provided by the law routine has no terror for the life convict. He doesn't mind a month or so of solitary confinement or a few days on bread and water. He is always looking for a chance to escape, and, if it seems necessary in the course of the escape, to brutally assault a guard or a prisoner, he does it.

Often assaults by life men are of the most wanton and unprovoked character. Now that a competent court has passed upon the constitutionality of the statute and declared it sound, it would be a good idea to reintroduce the measure at the next session of our legislature.

One of President Roosevelt's admirers declares that by no stretch of the imagination could he conceive the president to be dishonest. Yes, yes. But the great trouble with Roosevelt is that he is not willing to concede honesty of purpose or any other kind of honesty to people who disagree with him.

The difference between "peculation" and "speculation" is only an "s," remarks a contemporary. And the difference between larceny and embezzlement is often the difference between a long term in prison and the title of "able financier."

After he has wasted the summer in campaigning and finds that the people have voted Bryan into the presidency, Secretary Taft will doubtless feel that he was in error in esteeming the interference of Mr. Roosevelt so highly.

Says the Chicago Post: "The reason why the American battleship's flag captured by the British brought so high a price is that there are so very few of them in captivity." That seems to us to be the answer, all right.

A Boston physician, whose name we mercifully withhold, advises people to sing whether they can sing or not, because singing expels germs from the lungs.

No, dear madam, your husband did not get that headache at the Press club's annual dinner. He must have eaten something Friday that disagreed with him.

Many a small boy feels that he could, though the struggle would be a hard one, give up the pleasure of splitting the family wood and carrying in the coal during the Lenten season.

INSTEAD OF MURDER PLAY, POKER TO SETTLE GRUDGE

Greenhut Finds Unwelcome Brother Lost None of His Skill at Game

(New York Sun.)

There was seldom any sign of activity around old man Greenhut's saloon in Arkansas City until after the middle of the day, unless it had happened the night before that the exigencies of business had interfered with closing up the place. On such occasions it might and occasionally did happen that there would be considerable excitement. There had been no business, however, and therefore nothing to prevent closing up the night before. So when Jake Winterbottom, Joe Bassett and Jim Blaisdell walked up the levee together in the direction of the saloon it might have been expected that they would find, as Bassett put it, "Nothin' doin'" when they should arrive. Nevertheless, they walked on steadily.

From time to time one of the three would chuckle. Then the next man would laugh outright and then all three would break forth in unrestrained merriment for which there was no apparent cause. Then Bassett would smite his thigh and exclaim, "I wouldn't miss it for the best mule in Arkansas," or some such words of wisdom. "Nothin' doin'" when they should arrive. Nevertheless, they walked on steadily.

As they approached the saloon they abated the noise of their mirth without seeming to be any the less amused, and when they came near and looked in at the window they were hard put to it to refrain from howls and shrieks of laughter.

Old man Greenhut was going up and down the room, not in orderly fashion as one who paces a quarter deck or one who beats, but irregularly and even spasmodically, now walking, now standing, and again pausing long enough to raise his clenched fists toward the ceiling and breathe out fervent curses and threats.

He was searching for his coat lay on the floor where he had thrown it. His hair was disheveled, as if he had plucked at it. The muscles in his good right arm stood out in bunches.

Seizes Trusty Bungster. The bungster, lifted from its usual corner, lay on the bar, and from time to time the old man seized and brandished it, dealing blows of frightful force and deadly accuracy at some imaginary person in the air who seemed to think, stood before him.

His three friends outside looked on with huge enjoyment for a time, but as his paroxysms of rage became more and more violent they became concerned.

"He sure is done gone bughouse," said Winterbottom. "Who's he thought he'd took it so serious?"

"He'll bust a artery if he ain't stopped," said Blaisdell. "Let's go in," said Blaisdell, and they went.

When the old man saw them enter he stopped short and gazed at them earnestly. At first he was surprised and then he smiled.

"How come you uns is round so early?" he asked, with a show of suspicion. "We was just strollin' the levee for to get some fresh air," said Blaisdell, and he came in to see if you was up."

"Don't sound right," said old man Greenhut, "but mebbe you was. Bein' as you're here, mebbe you mought know somethin' o' this." And he slammed a letter down on the bar with a fine show of wrath.

They looked at it with ostentatious curiosity, and when they had read it looked at the old man inquiringly. It read:

"Dear Eb: All is forgive. Let the past be forgot. Been drinkin' some to-night, but I'll see you tomorrow. Your affmate, BROTHER BILL."

"Be you uns corksuck you don't know nothin' about this?" demanded old man Greenhut, looking at them with grave suspicion, and they raised their hands toward heaven and swore they knew nothing.

"I think you're lyin'," he said, bluntly. "An' the bungster's handy case I find it out for certain. You ain't seen this prate, then, as calls hisself my brother an' forgives hisself for his own high crimes an' misdemeanors?"

"There was a stranger up to the hotel," said Blaisdell, "and he said 'an' he was talkin' some considerable. Bein' as he was drunk we didn't pay no 'tention.'"

"Bill can't write," said the old man, reflectively, "so somebody must have written this for him. It's him, all right. I nobody here knows 't my front name is Ebenezer, an' nobody but him ever called me Eb. Now, who wrote that letter? If I find out, I'll settle with him, I'm through. I'm right, Bill. Greenhut, looking at them with grave suspicion, and they raised their hands toward heaven and swore they knew nothing.

"I thought as well tell you uns what's what, bein' as there'll be things to do when I get home, and I'm sure here, if he comes, an' maybe it'll be just as well to have it understood as how it's justifiable murder case of anybody makin' trouble for me later on."

Possibilities of Draw Poker. "It was through Bill 't I first seen the possibilities o' draw poker an' how a man had ought for to be well educated afore goin' out in the world for hisself. Bill an' I was in the saloon, an' he was teachin' me. What I really owes him c'n be paid with a bungster."

"He was a'says a ornery, low-down dog, an' ornery. Didn't 'pear to belong to the family no more. When he run away, like he did, three or four times a year, we useter lock up nights mighty careful 'f he'd come back an' break in, but he ain't did it since."

"The last time he come back I'd been workin' a spell over to Greenville an' had a wad lived away, mebbe five or six hundred. He come round to the saloon an' dranked a few an' then he bannered a lettin' them 't he'd broke into the house the night afore and got away with the old man's wad, but he ain't seen him with money was a s'prise, an' me knowin' I wasn't fittin' 'r to have none I played with him."

"Well, he got my wad, too, mebbe none too good of a player them days, an' I didn't find out till he'd gone 't the cards was marked. An' I ain't said him no hair of his head since."

"What'll be did if I do see him today ain't nothin' triflin'." Not if the bungster holds out 'tain't.

"I learnt my lesson 'f'm that game, an' there ain't nobody played agin me with marked cards, not to no gre't extent, since then. More'n that, I seen the iniquity o' playin' agin a man 't knows more'n I do, though I knows a leetle more'n I do. An' that's the secret o' draw poker when all's said an' did."

Didn't Learn Lesson. "But I take it 'f'm this here letter 't Bill ain't never learnt his lesson. If he had he'd be in some furrin' parts 'stead of Arkansas City, an' he'd be 'travin' in horry car to git further away place o' gettin' some stranger to

write letters for him, thereby twistin' the tail of a sleepin' lion.

"Oh, no. He ain't never learnt his lesson, but he's in a fair way to get a lib'ral education inside o' fifteen minutes 'f'm the time he comes in that door. That's 'p'didin' he comes."

"As if I wought to let a dandy by the thought of what he would do, the old man seized his bungster again, and began rehearsing a furious combat. His activity was wonderful and his fury seemed almost demagogical, so that some of the first words he said were, "Looks kind o' bad 'f Brother Bill. 'Pears like he'd do well to go down the river 'stead o' coming here."

Just at this moment Sam Pearsall entered the saloon and looked at Greenhut in great surprise. He said nothing, however, till the old man paused, almost out of breath. Then he said: "I never knowed you had a brother, Greenhut."

"I ain't," shouted the old man. "I ain't had no brother 'f thirty odd year."

"Well," says Sam, "there's a yap up to the hotel says he's your brother. He says he's a first class gambler, and he's broke away 'f'm the bar. He sure is a good drinker. They say he's been drinkin' 'f'm steady since yesterday mornin', an' he's as sober as a preacher now."

"Sounds like that mought be Bill," said old man Greenhut, "but further doubt was dispelled by the immediate appearance of teh man himself.

"Howdy, Eb? Let's all liquor," he said genially, striding toward the bar.

Old man Greenhut's in the full expectation of seeing a whirlwind rush and some clever bungster work, thought for a moment that they were not going to be disappointed. His eyes gleamed with the prospect of the new game, and he undoubtedly recognized, and the gleam was not one of brotherly love.

His breath came quickly. His arms stiffened and the bungster was partly raised. Yet at the sound and sight of the old man's face, and the direct suggestion of trade and consequent profit to the house, the old man paused and seemed to be debating some question in his mind.

For a moment his friends wondered, but when brother Bill slammed a ten-dollar gold piece on the bar, saying, "Lessee how far that'll go," they wondered no more.

The old man's eyes brightened with the unshy light of avarice and he put away his bungster and went behind the bar, muttering, "Business first. This here matter o' justifiable murder c'n be tended to any old time, but 'pears like it's a mistake to let a gambler, the fragments like the Good Book says, when the 'm lyin' round under the fingers o' diligence."

Then he set out a glass for each man present, not forgetting one for himself, and then he turned to the bar and carefully depositing the gold piece in his till.

"Well, Eb, how do you find things?" asked Brother Bill, when they had finished the first drink and were pouring out the second.

He was a jovial looking desperado, this new-found relative, some ten years younger than the proprietor of the saloon, and of some powerful build. There was a noticeable likeness in the two faces.

"There is things I ain't never found," replied the old man. "One on 'em's the wad you robbed me in Greenville."

"I remember," said Brother Bill, laughing. "You was always a hard one, Eb. We played a freezeout, 'f I ain't mistook, an' I took two or three hundred off en you. But, lord, what's that? I wouldn't call that robbery, Eb. That ain't no nice word."

On the draw the old man took a card, but did not better, while Brother Bill caught a small pair to his eyes. When the old man shoved his pile forward, however, Bill folded, saying, "I reckon you must ha' filled."

This victory proved only the precursor of defeat, for the next bluff the old man made was called, and the chips went back and forth for half an hour. Finally came a deal on which both caught good hands, the old man having a pair of flush and Brother Bill making a full house on a two-card draw.

The freezeout was over, and Bill nimbly pocketed the stakes.

Realizing his disaster, the old man seized his bungster, but before he could rise Brother Bill moved the table against his stomach so forcibly that he fell forward prone on the floor.

Then Bill jumped on him, seized the bungster and threw it through the window. Then he can two practiced hands over the old man's clothing, and finding no pistols or knives, jumped up laughing.

"Eb was always a to'able good fighter when he had a weepin'," he said to the others, "but he ain't no more hard nor a spanked baby 'thouten he's heel'd. I reckon I ain't overly welcome here, though, an' I'll mosey along. If any you uns happens in at the tavern I'll be happy to treat."

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